"The bone solo," remarked an old minstre performer to a Star reporter, "though once very popular, is regarded as a hoodoo in the burnt cork profession and is never allowed any more under any circumstances. It is feared as much as the yellow clarionet which, according to the superstitions of the show business, is one of the most fatal things that exist. The yellow clarionet not only induces bad-that is, poor business-but in addition to this it causes trouble among performers, produces railroad accidents, and, in short, it winds performers and companies up. There was a time in the minstrel business when it was just as natural to have a bone solo played by some performer during the evening as it time ago I had occasion to visit New York was to have a ballad sung, and the public and the offices of two or three very promitook as kindly to one as it did the other. There was scarcely any difference between bone solos. They all sounded about the same and the imitations were always stereotyped. Every bone soloist went through same performance, and used a chair in the center of the stage to heighten the effect. Who of the hundreds and hundreds of thousands who have heard a bone solo can forget the imitations of the starting and stopping of a railroad train; the battle, the charge and repulse; sawing wood, and others equally familiar. Every bone soloist thought it was necessary to give an imitation of a two-forty horse go-ing up the road, and especially to imitate the sounds of the trotter crossing a bridge. Haverly first put the ban on bone solos, and one of the clauses in the contracts he made with performers was that they would not under any circumstances while they were in his employ, either in private or publie, attempt a bone solo. No minstrel per-former can explain where the hoodoo comes in, but they fear it worse than any of the other omens of bad luck."

"The general impression that exists and has existed for so long a time that the teeth of the negro-man, woman and childwere harder than and superior to those of the white man," volunteered a leading dentist to a Star reporter, "never had much foundation in fact, and has less now than ever. Though the teeth of the colored race look very white and strong, it is a fact that there are today more bad teeth in proportion to numbers among them than the whites. Feeling that they were specially blessed in this regard, the colored people have never been as careful with their teeth as the whites. Another thing not generally known is that if it was not for the work of drawing teeth of colored persons many of the country dentists could not exist. The colored man or woman takes no chances in the matter of his or her teeth. If the teeth give them pain they insist on having them drawn, and nothing else will satisfy them. It is no use to say to them that by the proper treatment-filling, bridging and other work-their teeth can be saved for years, if not permanently, They insist on having their aching teeth drawn, and manage to chew up their food without them. It is a very rare thing for colored people, except among the more intelligent, to have any false teeth put in. There was a time, no doubt, when the colored race had stronger teeth than the whites, but that was years ago, and the conditions which then favored the negro are now against him. The moment the colored man gave up eating corn bread his teeth began to go through the same experiences as those of the whites.'

"If the late Jerry Rusk had been Secretary of Agriculture two or three months longer than he was he would have issued a book on 'The Trotting Horse,' which would have been in as much demand as his other book, 'Diseases of the Horse,' the circulation of which has been phenomenally large." said a prominent horse raiser to a Star reporter. "He had had prepared nearly all the matter for the book and had the work divided up among experts, in the same way as he had 'Diseases of the Horse' written. each chapter being propared by a person specially competent to write it. The work was to be handsomely and generously illustrated by photogravures. The late Senators Stockbridge, Stanford and others who were Interested in horse raising, and especially raising the speed horse, had secured for the work photographs of all the best families of trotting horses bred in this country, and besides, had furnished a great deal of information on the subject. The article on Ambassador, the famous Michigan sire, had been prepared by Senator Stockbridge himself, while that on Electioneer, the king of trotting sires, would have been the work of Senator Stanford. The theory of these gentlemen was, and in mis Secretary Rusk concurred heartily. that it is no more expense to raise a fine-bred horse than it is a common horse. In one case hardly \$75 could be expected to one case hardly \$15 could be expected to be realized from the horse, and seldom that amount, while in the other, the care-fully bred horse, there did not appear to be any limit to the price. Senator Stock-bridge gave many instances where he sold horses for \$100, but after he gave some attention to the breeding his prices rose into the thousands, the average price of Ambassador colts being over \$700. Senator Stanford in his article instanced the case of the famous mare Beautiful Bells, owned by him. In twelve years she had nine colts, which ranged in price from \$5,000 to \$125,000 each, the latter being the price secured for Arion, now owned by J. Malcoim Forbes of Boston Arion was feeled with cured for Arion, now owned by J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston. Arion was foaled while President Harrison and Secretary Rusk were visiting Senator Stanford's farm in California, and originally was named by President Harrison, who was asked to give the colt a name, Baby McKee. Mr. Forbes changed the name upon becoming the owner. The total received for the colts of Beautiful Bells has been over \$200,000, or as much as could be secured by raising 2,000 common-bred horses. Secretary Rusk had no trouble in seeing that the big 2,000 common-bred horses. Sccretary Rusk had no trouble in seeing that the big money in horse raising was in horses of fashionable breeding, or those which, in turf parlance, bred on, that is, became faster and faster in each generation. As I say, the book was almost ready to go to press when Secretary Rusk got enthusiastically interested in President Harrison's campaign for re-election. He temporarily laid aside the book until the campaign was over, and the result being the opposite of laid aside the book until the campaign was over, and the result being the opposite of what was expected he gave it up for his successor to finish, and that seems to have been the end of the matter."

* * * * *

"Though the Chinaman keeps the

laundry," explained a colored woman who is fully posted on the subject, "and is supposed to 'wasnee washee,' the average Crinaman seldom, if ever, washes an article that comes into his laundry. It is not because he cannot wash, for the Chinaman can wash if he wants to, but because he does not want to, and will not if he can avoid it. He is perfectly willing to do the ironing and polishing, and does it. The reason why a Chinaman cannot do washing is because he insists on wearing long finger naths, some of them from a quarter to a half inch in length. These are his pride, and a heavy day's washing are his pride, and a heavy day's washing would wear them away. Therefore, instead of doing the washing himself, he hires others to do his laundry work proper. They prefer to employ men to do the washing, but as there are not many men, colored or white, who know how to wash, they are forced to employ women. They do not like to have women about their places, however, and get rid of them the moment their washing is done. Some time ago the Chinamen paid as high as seventy-

five cents a day to men and women who did their washing, or four dollars per week, the washers providing their own meals. Since the Chinamen cut their own rate in consequence of the competition among the two factions of Chinese who are es-tablished in this city, they pay but sixty cents per day for washing, or three dollars per week, where they hire help by the week. As a rule, they prefer to have their work done by the day."

* * * * *
"Economy and stinginess are two different things," observed a gentleman to a Star reporter. "I have had considerable experience in collecting money for a university and other religious and educational work, and I have always found that my largest contributions came from the men and women who were most economical. The free and easy, the spendthrift and the people who have their purse at their finger's end, seldom give any large sums for universities or other great work. They content themselves with letting their money go out as readily and as easily as it comes in, but in small packages. When I start out for a subscription from those who have secured wealth by economy, I feel that I am more likely to succeed and succeed handsomely than I do when I lay siege on those who got their mony easily. Some nent men to get them interested in a Washington university. It happened that the day I called at the office of one of them, another gentleman I wanted to see was also there. As I entered the room I found them complaining to the office messenger because he had cut the cord from a These men were economical in everything that related to their business, and it was but natural that they should resent any waste. They both subscribed handsomely to the work I presented to them, though many that I met spoke of them as being stingy. I had a similar experience in this city. As I was entering the house of a well-known gentleman I met a lady coming out. I knew the lady, and spoke to her and asked if the gentleman I wanted to see was in his house. She told me that he was, and that she had just had an experience with him that convinced her that he was the stinglest man in the city. She explained to me that she had just settled up a finan-cial matter with him, released a mortgage for a rather large sum, and that in the calculation for the interest it was found that there were a certain number of dollars due and twenty-five cents; that she had asked and twenty-five cents; that she had asked him to strike off the twenty-five cents, so that she could draw an even check, and that he had declined to do so, insisting on every penny due, which she had paid. Though she thought this prejudiced megainst him, it had the opposite effect, and it was not many minutes afterward when without very much solicitation from me he gave me the entire check he had received gave me the entire check he had received from her, for the university. It was his habits of economy and strict business trans-actions, not stinginess, that made him demand up to the last cent that what was due him. He gave it all over to me with much easier grace than she gave up her check for the odd twenty-five cents. The lady, I may mention, has no idea of what economy is, for she or none of her family has ever practiced it."

SIDEWALK PHILOSOPHY.

Sure Way of Determining the

Beauty of a Woman. A Star reporter was walking down Pennsylvania averae the other afternoon with a friend. The latter was a close observer, an all-around philosopher and logician. He is something of a Conan Doyle in the way with which he reasons out his deductions. It is very seldom, too, that he fails to land on the solar plexus in this respect.

A fine-looking lady was walking down the avenue in front of the two pedestrians. The lady had a good figure, was well dressed, and from the distance of probably fifty feet which intervened between the two intend to raise your salary \$.11 p. might have been taken for a Diana.

"I'll wager the mysterious female is a beautiful as Venus and as lovely as Aphrodite." said the newspaper man to the other. "Make it a half dozen choice cigars and I'll go you," said the other. "Far from being pretty, I am positive that she is absolutely homely.

itely homely.
"That's a go," said the reporter, and both increased their speed so as to over-take the lady, who had been walking ahead of them for probably a block. As she was passed the plotters turned and looked at her; in such a manner, however, as not to disconcert her, and then passed on. The reporter acknowledged that he had lost, without attempting in the least to save his bet. There was no use, for the lady was really ugly, there was no doubt about that. She was terribly plain, and the difference between the appearance of her face and what might have been expected from her

figure and general make-up was surprising.

"If you'll give me the secret by which you found that out I will throw in another half dozen cigars," is what the newspaper man told his friend.
"That's the easiest thing in the world, if

you just tumble to the fact once," said the other. "If you had noticed, as I did, that although several men passed the lady, coming in our direction, not one of them took the trouble to more than glance at her. Some of them did not look at her at all. If she had been good-looking these men would have given her more than a glance. If she had been pretty they would have let their eyes rest upon her at least until she had gotten past them. If she had been as beautiful as you imagined they would have turned their heads to look at her. I noted this, and I made my bet on this cor Just try it yourself, and you will see that The experiment was tried during a fur

ther walk down the avenue, and it was found that the idea panned out exactly.

Literary Value of Wickedness. From the Literary Digest.

That the villain of a play or a story is generally the most interesting character in it has been discovered by most readers at an early period of life. Charles Leonard Moore, in commenting upon literary values in general, after references to the literary value of style, of invention, of observation, and of enthusiasm in one's own creations, turns aside for a moment to mark the important part assigned in fiction to wickedness-a subject, one may remark in passing, that would afford ample material for much more than the incidental treatment which he gives it. We quote from his article in the Dial:

"The fact that an author has enjoyed a character is one test of its reality. Jane Austen evidently delighted in her curates, whereas Charlotte Bronte half hated and wholly despised hers. The difference is wholly despised hers. The difference is felt. There is hardly any one in Shakespeare's world—villains, criminals or fools included—whom he did not evidently love, hardly any one against whom he would have been willing to draw an indictment.

"It is curious, indeed, that wickedness and weakness force themselves to the front as the protagonists of almost every drama. Great literature is the biography of criminals and fools. Average morality and average intelligence are not the stuff out of which to create characters that will interest. Evil, indeed, seems to be the energetic force of the universe, and is the cause of the obstacles and collisions from which events spring. Every great creative poet is a Manichean. In spite of himself, Milton was forced to make the devil his hero; and Richardson was shocked to discover that his Lovelace was a most attractive monster. The populace are willing to pay for crime. Nothing sells a newspaper like a murder. Even in the natural world, those lurid villains of nature's melodrama, the lightning and the storm, get infinitely more spectators than the milder and beneficent agencies of sunlight and dew. Goethe said that he had learned from Polygnotus that our business on this earth was to enact hell. Except Poe and Hawthorne, no American writer has ever had any suspicion of this fact. Ever since that adventure in Boston harbor, there has been a flavor of tea in all New England literature." felt. There is hardly any one in Shakes-

The Philosopher said he wanted to talk about marriage, and then he talked after this fashion, although with the Philosopher quotations are not allowable:

This is all about marriage, and I have not been married in the past few weeks, either. I have been married so long that my wife never thinks of calling me mister even before my sixth cousin. She calls me nister when talking to the milkman, and suppose that is honor enough. One of my main reasons for getting married was to have some one to elevate me to the altitude of mister, and, lo and behold, I was unable to breathe the rarified air for more than six months, when I dropped back into the valley of Jims and Jacks.

Speaking of this matter, I once knew an old lady up north who made herself awfully unpopular with a young couple just on this line. Sam Green had only been married a short time when Aunt Debby called on the bride, whom, as well as the groom, she had known since their teething stage.

"Come right in, Aunt Deb," said the young wife, when the old lady appeared at the gate. "Come right in and set down; Mr. Green has just run down to the post

office, but—"
"Mister who?" said Aunt Debbie.
"Mr. Green—Sam—my husband," with s

blush.

"Land sakes alive," ejaculated Aunt Debbie, "has that good-for-nothing, shiftless, sawed-off Sam Green actually got some one to call him mister?"

All this, however, is straying from the point I started to reach, which, now I come to think about it, wasn't marriage, either. I started out to relate a little incident connected with marriage, which may either. I started out to relate a little in-cident connected with marriage, which may serve as an example to other husbands. In Cairo, Egypt, not many years since, the American consul general was a young

man from Kansas, without any acquaint-ance whatever with khedives and poten-tates, but with a fair knowledge of kings and queens and spades and an intimate knowledge of fun, whether found among the aristocratic denizens of Shepheard's or in the picturesque Arab quarter. Un to the in the picturesque Arab quarter. Up to the time of his arrival in Cairo our consul gentime of his arrival in Cairo our consul gen-eral's idea of dress for the male portion of humanity had been confined to long frock coats or dress coats, with turn-down col-lars and black string ties. The presence, therefore, on constant guard in front of the consulate of two dark-skinned Arabs in consulate of two dark-skinned Arabs in flowing white and gold robes and curved and sparkling scimeters, was a matter of constant awe and admiration to him.

These two individuals served the United States at a joint salary amounting to almost \$15 per month, but they were beautiful in grave faces, spotless turbans, picturesque robes and gaudy weapons. In themselves they were well worth the price of admission, but one of them, and he the graver and more graceful of the pair, had a wife. Like so many wives, this wife refused to be awed by the imposing get-up. She utterly disclaimed any intention of calling her liege lord mister, and on frequent occasions would drop around and hold animated conversations with him on the street in front of the consulate, during which affairs she would express her opinions of him and his sex in earnest Arabic. This sort of thing was too much for even the easy-going nature of the gentleman from him and his sex in earnest arabic. This sort of thing was too much for even the easy-going nature of the gentleman from Kansas, and one day, after a more than usually exciting family affair on the sidewalk, he called the dignified husband to

his presence.
"Suloman, who is that woman?"
"She is my wife, oh, guardian of the

stars."
"Well, I am a man of few words and lib-"Well, I am a man of few words and liberal ideas. I am from Kansas, and have associated with Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Lease. I don't expect the impossible, and therefore I don't tell you to keep your wife from talking, but understand that you have got to stop her from doing her talking around this consulate, and that's straight, see."

"Oh, child of the sun and brother of the moon, it shall be as you say," and Suloman

moon, it shall be as you say," and Sulomar departed with a profund salaam. departed with a profund salaam.

After that the peace and quiet around the house could be cut with a knife. The hot sun glistened on the turbans of the sentinels, the little donkeys went scurrying by, now and then a long, ungainly camel passed with noiseless footsteps, but no woman, wife or maid broke the calm of the square Several days later the consults. square. Several days later the consu general, entranced at the eace after the storm, felt called upon to compliment Sulo-

man upon his success.

"You have done nobly, my boy, and I "You have done nobly, my boy, and I per month, "It is nothing, most high; she will come

"If I felt real sure of that I would make

it \$.13."

"It is certain, oh, glory of the world and ruler of the winds; I have divorced her."

"What!! Great heavens, man, I didn't mean anything of that kind."

"Calm yourself, lord of the west, it is nothing. You are my master. Your word is law. You pay well and I do nothing but stand in the sun. Not one nor 500 wives could come between me and such ease. Besides, I have married her already three years. It is done, I have divorced her, and today, if your smile light upon me and give me the afternoon, I marry a woman dumb me the afternoon, I marry a woman dumb ince her birth. The Philosopher said the only moral to

his story was the information that Cairo can be reached in about fifteen days.

Cake Walk Once a Wedding. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The cake walk proper had its origin among the French negroes of Louisiana more than a century ago. There is little doubt that it is an offshoot of some of the old French country dances. It resembles several of them in form. From New Orleans it spread over the entire south, and thence north. It was found of convenience to the plantation negroes. They were not wedded by license, and it was seldom that the services of a preacher were called in. the services of a preacher were called in. At a cake walk a man might legitimately show his preference for a woman, and thus publicly claim her for a wife. In effect the cake walk was not different from the old Scotch marriage, which required only public acknowledgment from the contracting parties. So this festival became in some sense a woolng an accentance or some sense a woolng, an acceptance or rejection and a ceremony. This explains its popularity with the blacks, outside of its beauties, with the accompaniment of music, which is competent at all times to command negro support. Cake walking has improved, as do most things that are constantly practiced. It has lost its old significance in the south. Negroes now get married in white folks' fashion. It has become, however, a pantomime dance. Properly performed it is a beautiful one. The erly performed it is a beautiful one. The cake is not much of a prize, though the regro has a sweet tooth.

From Life. Between fifty and fifty thousand conemporary Americans are golf-mad. There s no dcubt about the prevalence of the mania, but the number of the afflicted is hard to estimate. It is a case like that of the three little pigs, who jumped about so much that the child could not count them. The golfiacs, who are far gone in their delusion, straggle about so and enjoy such a vast publicity that they seem an army, whereas it may be they are only

Golf can't last at the pace it is going now. It ought to be squelched in the interest of its own permanency.



Indignant parent—"You are a very naughty boy, Tommy, telling a fib like that! I never told fibs when I was a little

FOR SILENCE WAS GOLDEN IN A YEAR'S READING WAITERS AND THEIR WAYS

"How many volumes can a man read in the course of a year?" was the question recently put by a Star reporter to a gentleman whose time is largely employed as a book reviewer on one of the leading magazines.

well," said the gentleman, pointing to a row of books, "fine is a collected edition of the English poets. The work only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1809, but it comprises twenty one volumes royal 8vo, double columns, small type. Each volume averages 700 pages. This gives a total of 14,700 pages, or 29,400 columns. Now it takes—I have made the experiment—four minutes to read a column of such matter with fair attention. Here, then, is a good veer's work in reading over only once year's work in reading over, only once, carefully, a selection from the English

"The amount of reading, however, which a student can get through in a given time hardly admits of being measured. The rate of reading varies with the interest one takes in the subject matter of a book. In other words, a page of Kaut's Ordique of Pure Reason requires proportionally more thorough attention than the latest work of Section Still for the subject of the subject fiction. Still, just to have something to go by, it will be found pretty accurate to make a calculation like this: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really give his receptive or critical at-tention to printed matter for eight hours regularly every day. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages 8vo is an average hour's read, taking ore book with another. This would make 240 pages per day, 1,680 per week and 87,390 pages in the year. Taking the average thickness of an 8vo volume as 400 pages only, the quantity of reading matter which an intelligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about 220 volumes 8vo. Of course, this is merely a mechanical computation by which I would not pretend to gauge the reading capacity of the average student. may be interesting to know that the merely mechanical limit of study is some 220 volimes 8vo per annum."

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

Parliament.

Was First Made by Order of the Rump "Nearly everybody knows what 'foolscap' aper is, but there are probably few people who know just how it came to bear that name," said a large wholesale stationer in New York to the writer yesterday. "In order to increase his revenues Charles I of England granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of writing paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew wealthy and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use such paper. At that time all English paper bore the royal coat-of-arms in water marks. But when the parliament under Cromwell came into power it made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and that a fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the Rump parliament was prorogued these were also removed; but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually seventeen by fourteen inches, still bears the name of foolscap in England. "In this country foolscap was used large ly by lawyers, writers and other profession al men for copying purposes until a few years after the civil war, when a smaller single sheet of paper, known as legal cap was introduced. Then came the typewrit-ing machines, requiring the manufacture of a paper of suitable size for copying, and today there is very little demand for fools-cap outside of a few school rooms.

BROTHERLY SARCASM.

One Lawyer Suggests to Another the Mistake He Hade.

Down in a Virginia town there lives awyer, one Major Blank, who is powerfully disliked by all the other lawyers in the place. So strong is this antagonism to the major that the other lawyers will not even have an office in the same building with him. In the same town is a former judge, who is so good-nature? that he will even be on terms with the unpopular major.

Recently it happened that the judge gave up his offices just across the hall from law firm, and the major hearing of it slipped in and rented them before anybody else had a chance at them. When the firm across the hall heard of it they showed him \$50 not to move in as their neighbor.

Of course, they didn't put it exactly that way, but that was exactly what they meant. their appreciation of the major by

meant.

Then the judge met the major.

"I got fifty dollars for my bargain, judge," said the major, who didn't see the point at all.

"So I heard, so I heard," responded the

judge, as if he were not pleased to death with the major's luck, "and I'm sorry to hear it. I always knew you had a great head for fine financial transactions, major, but you missed it badly this time."

"Missed it?" exclaimed the major, in much surprise. "How do you mean?"
"You gold out too cheap, major; too oheap. You could have got twice as much if you had held out for it," and as the judge rubbed his hands unctuously the major began to regret that he had not he major began to regret that he had put his figures so low, but he never suspected

Joke on the Dogs.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The nan who was doing the talking has endured a good many hard knocks while making a successful way through the world, and, like most persons who have survived such experience, has very decided opinions of his own. "I've always regarded women as the weaker vessel, he said, "but want to say right here that Mrs. Slims is a very remarkable person I don't believe she could tell a Percheror from a Kentucky thoroughbred, yet I saw her start a balky horse the other day after twenty men and boys had been beat ing, kicking and cursing the poor brute for half an hour. The persuasion she used was a couple of lumps of sugar and a few kind words.
"But it was just yesterday that she con-

vinced me of her great superiority. You can gauge her knowledge of dogs from the fact that she paid \$5 for a long-haired mongrel puppy under the impression that she was buying an dristocratic pug. Slims has a bull terrier that's a professional fighter, and Torton, who lives next door, owns a big St. Bernard. The two dogs began an argument through the fence, and the larger one simplified matters by crashing through a board into Slims' yard. The whole neighborhood was soon engaged in an effort to part them. Strong hands tugged at tails, legs and ears. Clubs were freely used, water was dashed upon the belligerents and the stern orders for them to 'break away' could be heard blocks off. When Mrs. Slims appeared on the scene she seemed to grasp the situation in one terrified glante. She flew into the house, cashed out again, and inside of a minute had the savage fighters slinking away from crashing through a board into Slims' yard ad the savage fighters slinking away from

each other."
"How did she do it?" "How did she do it?"

"Bottle of ammonia. Surest thing on earth to break up a dog fight, and it's original with her. Why, those two terrible beasts quit like pet theep, and the joke of it is that each dog thinks the other administered the awful dose. They never see each other now that they do not curl their and though suffine ammonia and trot noses as though snifting ammonia, and trot briskly in opposite directions."

Squenked Once Too Often. From Spare Moments.

Maccabe, the ventriloquist, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a river steamboat, and, having made friends with the engineer, was alowed the freedom of the engine room. Presently a certain part of the machiner egan to creak. The engineer oiled it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the creaking was heard again, few minutes the creaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same crank.

Again he resumed his post, but it was only a few minutes before the same old crank was creaking louder than ever.

"Great Jupiter!" he yelled, "the thing's hewitched."

bewitched."

More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the crank squeaked again, when, slipping up behind Maccabe, he squirted haif a pint of oil down the joker's back.

"There," said he, "I guess that crank won't squeak any more."

"Every man about town is familiar with the waiter, but it is only a superficial familiarity at best," remarked a commercial traveler to a Star reporter yesterday. "The noiseless and urbane figure in full dress flits across his gastronomic vision only for a moment, and gets no more than a passing glance, or a passing quarter. Now I, in traveling about from one city to another, have made a stury of the waiters and I observe that he has an individuality of his own. There are many types of waiters, and class distinctions are as closely drawn as in ary other walk of life. All nationalities, creeds, and previous conditions of servitude

are represented.

"There is the French waiter. Perhaps he is a count, perhaps he isn't; but whether or no, the grace and dexterity of his movements suffer not. His field of operations is the first-class hotel, restaurant or club, and he is always seen in faultless evening dress. His coat is of the blackest of black broadcloth and fits him like a glove. His trous cloth and fits him like a glove. His trousers are ditto, and an immaculate expanse of linen relieves the otherwise somberness of his attire. You sit down to dine. He appears at the end of the table. You do not hear him coming, you do not see him until he is at your elbow. There is only one hinge in his body—at the waist. He bends it, and lays the menu under your nose. The hinge straightens him up again, and he hinge straightens him up again, and he walts. You order; he disappears. Then you wait. It may be for a minute, it may be longer. "He reappears with a pyramid of smok-

ing dishes, flecks imaginary crumbs from the table cloth, and without clatter or clash, a good dinner is before you. His Idea of Arithmetic.

"Being an American, you gulp down your dinner as fast as your jaws will let you, and all the while the waiter's eyes are upon you. Then, when you have finished, he is at your elbow again with the check. You give him a bank note. This is where his arithmetic comes in. No matter what the denomination of the note or the amount of the check, he will so fix the change that there is a quarter and a ten-cent piece in it. You give him either or nothing, as your generosity or principle dictates. He pockets the either or the nothing with the same air of imperturbable gravity, but if it is the nothing, you put on your topcoat yourself. If it is the ten-cent piece he simply holds the coat for you; if the quarter, the coat is put on, your undercoat pulled down, and the collar neatly arranged. Then there is the German. He may also be a count with a long name split in the middle with a 'von.' His methods are closely allied to his French brother's. He is equally noiseless, polite and deft and equally on hand when the fees are to be given out. He is somewhat broader in figure, and broader in his manner of serving you, but he gets there just the same. Have him wait on you and you will soon recognize

"The colored waiters' dusky presence comes and goes like the seasons. He is here today and you miss him tomorrow. Some hotel autocrats, yelept clerks, declare that he is not so submissive as of yore, and entertains a high and mighty opinion of himself. This, however, may be an unjust color line drawn by the aforesaid autocrats, for the fact remains that the colored man and brother continues to handle dishes in n.any first-class hotels and restaurants in nearly every city of the United States with his 'old-time' dexterity and dispatch. On the Bowery.

"But it is the 'hash-handler' of the coffee-and-cake saloons who stands forth in startling originality. He is a distinct specimen of the genus waiter. He may be tall or short, stout or lean, but is always pale and round-shouldered. He wears a collar and a necktie, or he doesn't, according to his fancy or early training. His shoes are always too large for his feet and he never lifts them off the floor when he moves. His stock in trade is a semisarcastic, semi-blaze expression, and a long string of outlandish and original titles for the ordinary articles to be found on the bill of fare. Order a steak. He will call it 'one slaughter house.' Eggs fried on one side are white wings with the sunny side up. 'One with the light out' is his yell for coffee without milk and beans minus pork is 'a brass band without a leader.' His chief hold on popularity is his dense ignorance of fees. He never thinks of one, never looks for one, and seldom, if ever, gets one. He will stand twenty feet from you, and shy your check at the table. Practice has made him perfect in this, and the piece of pasteboard will drop beside your plate. Sometimes it will fall into your but if it does you have struck a new hand at the business.

"Like other branches of labor the waiter

has his union. Besides this he belongs to the Amity Club, the Columbian Club, the United Waiters' Association, and the International Society. These are benevolen-institutions and takes care of their members when illness or accident prevents them from taking care of themselves."

THE BETTER BARGAIN.

Considering the Price of the Pulpit and of the Preacher. "I can remember very distinctly," the

minister was saying, "when I was in very truth passing through the wilderness of my calling, hoping every day, and never quite doubting that after awhile Canaan would gladden my eyes and give rest to my weary mind and body, for I think when a preacher's row is hard to hoe it is very hard indeed. My salary was about \$40 a year, and what I could pick up, and the picking wasn't anything to boast of. The bulk of what salary I did get was paid by a most exemplary Christian woman of our congregation, who also very largely met the other expenses of the church; tut as she was rich for the section in which she lived the bur-

den was not too heavy.

"But the poor little church was nearly as badly dilapidated as its poor little pastor, and after a year or two of preaching in it, the pulpit became so unstable that I was afraid it would fall down with me, and in ador to reduce the strip worn it to the order to reduce the strain upon it to the minimum I restrained my emphasis to such an extent that the congregation complained of my lack of animation. Upon this I went to see the main prop and pillar of the church. I told her what was needed and what she already knew as well as I did, but she shook her head. "'Well, I can't preach in it unless some-thing is done, I said, with considerably note emphasis than I would have used in

'How much will it cost?' she asked.
'About thirty-four dollars.'
'Thirty-four dollars?' she nearly shrieked; then let her voice tall. 'I guess,' she said, 'we'd better change preachers.' And for the year or so I staid there I preached

One View of the Jubilee Presents.



of the state



Written for The Evening Star.
The Lightning.

Mistuh Lecturissity, way up in de cloud, Reckon you'd break loose an' git me ef you was allowed!

Wonduh how de city-folks keeps livin' data-way, Pushin' froo de week, like ebry day was mahket day?

res ev'y whah to furnish him an easy Whiles he goes a-rummagin', all ready to explode!

I'd rathuh live way off some place an' watch 'im in de sky, Whah Mistuh Lecturissity can't ketch me ef he try.

I knows I doesn' stan' out as a mahk o' special note.

But de eagle-hunter sometimes shoots de blackbird, jes' foh spoht. it's as like as not dat he'll pick out some no-count scamp

'im wif a lamp. whah's de use o' resks, when f'um ma cabin, day by day, I kin see de storms a-gatherin' or kin

chase 'im wif a street-car or else burn

watch de sun-beams play? A cabin whah no wires comes a-circulatin by.

Whah Mistuh Lecturissity can't ketch me ef he try!

I's hyund de white folks tellin' dat he he'ps 'em out a heap; But all de he'p he gibs 'em dey is welco

foh ter keep. On peaceful, gentle faces I has seen de paleness spread De minute aftuh readin' whut de telegraph done said.

I'se seen de people tremblin' like dey done took sudden-sick When de sheen'ry in de corner gun ter cough aroun' an' click.

I's content to live wif nuffin' but de wild-birds nigh, Whah Mistuh Lecturissity can't ketch me ef he try!

A Philosopher.

The man who keeps a second-hand book store utterly failed to sympathize with the excitement of the customer who had been looking over his stock. "Did you see that

woman?" inquired the customer. "Yes," replied the book-seller, prepar-ing to light his pipe. "That well-dressed woman with the large cape?" "Yes?"
"The one who

glanced hurriedly around, and when she thought no one saw her shoved a book under her cape and walked away with it?" "But you didn't say anything."

"No. I never do."
"Do you mean to tell me that you permit yourself to be robbed without making any

"Yes. I feel that it is my duty not to interfere. You see, all the books outside there are of a wholly innocuous character. Some of them are instructive, and the masome of them are instructive, and the ma-jority are calculated to exert a wholesome, moral influence. That's why we have to put them where the lowness of the price will attract attention. If that woman wanted one of those books badly enough to purloin it, I wouldn't raise a hand or breathe a syllable to stop be breathe a syllable to stop her. She may find something in it which will be the turn-ing point that leads her to a better life."

A Crop Failure.

gittin' rich an' haughty?"

"Whut's this here administration a-doin fur me?" inquired Farmer Corntossel. "Tell me that. Whur's all that thur prosperity as was goin' to come a-sailin' in on me an' make me git out from under fur fear o'

"Haven't you prospered?" inquired his relative from the city. "Prospered! All I've got to show fur the

summer boarders we tuck in is two tennis blazers an' a sea-grass hammock. Spent the money fur repairs long ago." "But you surely have no cause to com-

plain of the money you are getting for your crops." "I ain't gittin' no money fur no crops."

"Why, my dear sir, wheat went up-". "I know all about that. But it didn't do me no good."
"You don't mean to tell me that crops were a failure?

"That's about the size of it." "There must have been some peculiar local condition to produce that result. Was there a drouth?"

"Rain?" "Nope."
"Insects?"

"None

"What could have been the trouble?"
"Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't plant

Argument. Used to have some big debates, Settin' 'round the store; Both the men was heavyweights An' had met before. Talked 'bout politicians' games. Wrath too great to smother. 'Riz, an' Jake called Joshua names

An' Josh says, "You're another." Useter jes' git middlin' riled In their tariff talkin'. Silver found their tempers spiled; Left 'em both a-balkin'. An', while each the victory claims, Argyments seemed ruther Mixed, when Jake called Joshua names. An' Josh says, "You're another."

Sometimes bigger men than they, When campaigns is warmin', Try to sum it up an' say 'Tuther needs reformin'. But, towards fact, though each one blames, They don't git much fu'ther 'N them, when Jake calls Joshua names An' Josh says, "You're another."

Being a Bohemian. Some poet wrote. "T'd rather live in Bohemia

Than any other land."

Willie Wishington read the poem and was much impressed thereby. A gentle grief arose within him at the thought that he had been born into a sphere of affluence which might make real Bohemianism impossible to him. Nor did he understand that the word, like "charity," is used to cover a multitude of sins; that it is pounced upon by every person who has by any mea rendered himself ineligible to desirable sociation and offered as a picturesque p liation for indifference to every sort of h from the Ten Commundments to the pol-regulations. There was but one Bohen to Willie's mind; the ideal Bohemia, whi is, after all, the real; the Bohemia is whi

ambition strives honestly, and in which hope laughs at failures; in which ideals of the imagination if not of substance abound; where comradeship is frank and unselfish, and where faults may be forgiven because of the greater virtues linked about them.

It was this kind of a Bohemia that Willia pictured to himself. He resolved to one

lie pictured to himself. He resolved to en-ter it, if possible, and having heard that Bohemians do not usually have much money at a time, he made a practice of having his friends introduce him to anybody they knew who looked especially im-pecunious. Having thus secured an extensive, seedy acquaintance, it was only necessary to separate the frugal millionaires from the people who lived from hand to

mouth. He gathered about him one man who said he was an actor, another who said he was an artist and others who described them-

selves variously.

"Ah, yes," said the alleged actor to whom Willie had broached the subject of Bohemianism. "It is a hard thing to cultivate. A man must be born a Bonemian, you know. There are very few people fit-ted for a companionship in which sordid considerations count for naught. Very few have the temperament which enables them to get away from the mercantile realities



of life, my boy. I have seen several peo-ple who tried to be Bohemians. But they were always counting the cost. They were constantly thinking of dollars and cents when their minds ought to have been on the sublime, don't you know?" the sublime, don't you know?"
"That's the trouble," echoed the alleged artist. "I'm sure I shouldn't do anything like

"Perhaps not. But you can't tell. The ability to regard the possessions of one as the common property of all without envy or regret, is a gift of nature, the same as any other form of genius."

"I really think I have it," said Willie, earnesting

"Well, you might try it for awhile. By the way, aren't we a little thirsty?" "Yes," was the response; "but we haven't any money. This was Willie's opportunity and he

met it.

The opportunity was repeated several times. They even received him into fellowship so far as to take dinner at his expense. When he had occasion to do a little arithmetic in his cleck book that he might keep his account straight, he went away into a retired corner for fear they would think he was counting the cost. The friendship progressed for about two weeks. Once he had gotten a start, he found nothing easier than to meet Bohemians. It was surprising that there should be so many in town without his having met them be-

fore.
One morning Willie discovered that he opportunity to be embarrassed by the delay of a remittance. That is to say, he would have been embarrassed if he had not been a Bohemian. But with confident foot steps and a light heart, he sought the haunts

of hie friends.
"Ah," exclaimed the man of histrionic pretensions, "congratulate me!"
"On what?"
"I've got a job."

"You nican an engagement, don't you?" "Are you going on the road?"

"With what company?"
"Payster and Stickum. It's one of the

rayster and Stekum. It's one of the biggest wall paper concerns in Philadelphia. I have a stated salary and a percentage on everything I sell over a certain amount. They let me have a couple of weeks' pay in advance too."

"That reminds me," said Willie. "A delay occurred in some errorms." lay occurred in some-er-some matters (his friend had glared in a way that reminded him just in time that he was about

to speak of something so vulgar as money), and I thought I would come around and take dinner with you—just in an informal Bohemian way, you know—that is, if you have the time."
"Well," was the reply as the speaker tilted back in his chair and put his hands in his pocket; "I'll tell you. Bohemianism is all well enough when a man is young and has years of life before him; but a time comes when he must realize that life has an object and that the minutes are

recious. I made up my mind just before I came down town this morning that it

was time for me to settle down and give

up this wild and reckless way of living His Heart Failed Him.

"I reckon ye may think it strange," said Meandering Mike, "but I'm in favor of not follerin' this road any furder." "Mike," said Plodding Pete, reproach-

fully, "I never tuck ye for a quitter." "Dere's some t'ings as'll spoil de nerve of de bravest." "But if we turn around an' go back we'll pass all dem houses where dey turned us

way." "I know it."
"We won't stand no better show dis time
dan we did de fust. You know dey even
larghed at us when we asked 'em for

"I know it. It wus a dangerous bluff to take, but it seems like folks is gettin' to "We'll try jes de nex' house."
"No, sir," replied Mike. "Ye can't drag
me past de place, much less make me go in
an' have any talk."

an' have any talk."
"Did ye see any marks on de gate post dat scared ye?"
"No. I'm almos' ashamed to tell ye. But a man dat looked an' acted like he owned de place passed us a minute ago an' went in de front gate. I heard a weman call him by his fust name."
"Whut of it?"
"It skeered me off."

"Whut of it?"
"It skeered me off."
"Ye don't mean to say ye lost yer courage jes' from hearin' a man's fust name."
"I do. It may look to yer like superstition. But as soon as I heard it I felt de cold chills run up an' down me back like I was havin' a presentiment of evil."

was havin' a presentiment of evil."
"What name was it de woman called "Hiram."

Attractive. From the Boston Traveler.

She-"So he married her for her money He-"Yes." She (thoughtfully)—"How awfully rich

